In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well-winged with our chiefest horse ?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
*Nor*. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my tent this morning. *him a paper.*
*Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,*
*For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*
*King*. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest :
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow :
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues ?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Right



Right Gentlemen of *Englan*
Draw Archers, draw you ar
Spur your proud horses hard
Amaze the welkin with yo
What saies Lord Stanley wil
*Mes*. My Lord he doth de
*King*. Off with his sonne
*Nor*. My Lord the enemy
After th battell let George
*King*. A thousand hearts ar
Aduance our standards, set
Our ancient word of courag
Inspire vs with the speene of
Vpon them, victory sits one
*Alarum excursion*
*Cat*. Rescew my Lord of
The King enacts more won
Daring an opposite to euery
His horse is slaine, and all o
Seeking for *Richmond* in th
Rescew, faire Lord, or else
*King*. A horse, a horse my
*Cat*. Withdraw my Lord,
*King*. Slaue I haue set my
And I will stand the hazard
I thinke there be fixe *Richm*
Fiue haue I slaine to day inst
A horse, a horse, my kingdom
*Alarum, Enter Richard &*
*slaine then retrait being so*
*bearing the Crowne with o*
*Rich*. God and your arm
The day is ours the bloudie d
*Dar*. Couragious Richmon
Loe heere this long vsurped
From the dead temples of thi
Haue I pluckt off to grace th
Weare it, and make much o
*Rich*. Great God of hean

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